



HENRY THE FOURTH

1599



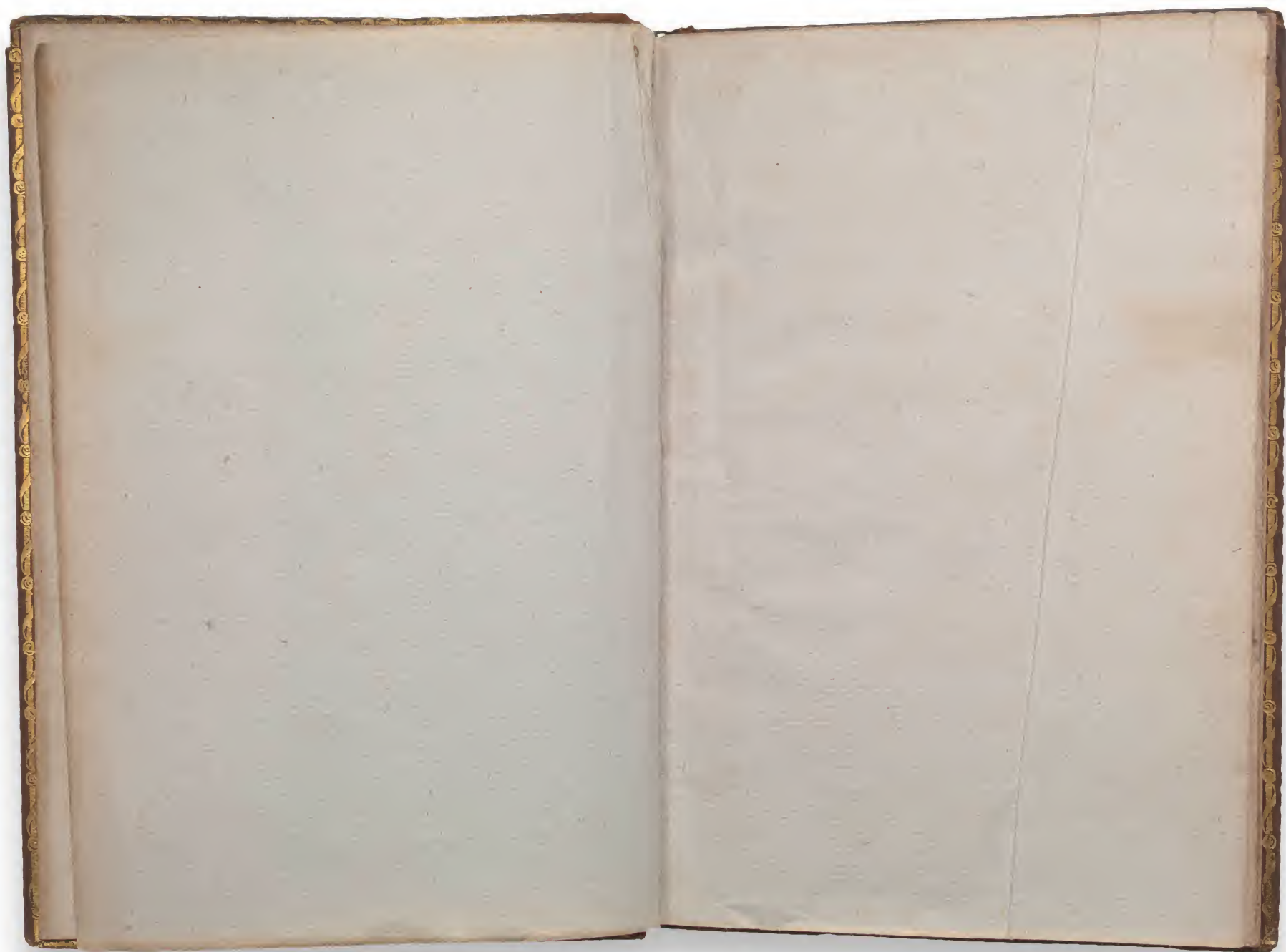


<b>J</b> ohannes	<b>P</b> atricius
<b>Q</b> richton	<b>S</b> tuart
<b>M</b> archio	<b>B</b> othel.

House of Falkland.



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*See the manuscript notes at the  
end*

# HISTORIE

OF

## Henry the Fourth.

With the Battell at Shrewseburie, betwene  
the King, and Lord Henrie Percy, surnamed  
Henrie Hotspur of the North

With the humorous conceits of Sir  
Iohn Falstaffe

Newly corrected  
By William Shakespeare



LONDON  
Printed by S. S. for Andrew Wise.  
1599.

*Henry the fourth.*

*Poyes.* Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the  
duell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damnd for cosening the diuell,

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a  
clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Canturbury  
with itch offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses.  
I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues. Gads-  
hill lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke supper to morrow  
night in Eastcheape: we may do it as secure as sleep: if you wil go,  
I will stuffe your purses full of crownes: if you wil not, tarie at  
home and be hangd.

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarrie at home and go not, I le  
hang you for going.

*Po.* You will chopps.

*Fals.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prin.* Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

*Fals.* Ther neither honestie, manhood, nor good fellowship  
in thee, nor thou camest not of the bloud royall, if thou darest not  
stand for ten shillings.

*Prin.* Well then, once in my daies I le be a madcap.

*Fals.* Why that's well said.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, I le tarrie at home.

*Fals.* By the Lord I le be a traitour then, when thou art King.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Po.* Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I wil lay  
him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

*Fals.* Well, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, and him the  
eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, and what  
he hears, may be beleeued, that the true prince may (for recreation  
sake) proue a false theefe, for the poore abuses of the time want  
countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

*Prin.* Farewell the latter spring, farewell Alhollowne summer.

*Poy.* Now my good sweete hony Lord, ride with vs to mor-  
row, I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Fal-  
scliffe, Haruey, Rosill, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we  
haue already way-laid, your selfe & I will not be there: and when  
they haue the bootie, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head  
from my shoulders.



*Prin.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Po.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they adventure vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee le set vpon them.

*Prin.* Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

*Po.* Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the woods, our vizards we will change after we leaue them: and sirra, I haue cases of buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

*Prin.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

*Po.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this ieast will be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue will tell you when wee meete at supper, how thirtie at least he fought with what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lyes the ieast.

*Prince* Well, Ile go with thee, provide vs all things necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe farewell.

*Po.* Farewell my Lord.

*Exit Poines.*

*Prin.* I know you all, and will a while vphold  
The vnynokt humour of your idlenes,  
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother vp his beautie from the world,  
That when he please againe to be himselfe,  
Being wanted he may be more wondred at  
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him,  
If all the yeere were playing holy-daies,  
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;  
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:  
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By how much better then my word I am,  
By to much shall I satisfie mens hopes,  
And like bright mettall on a sullen ground,  
My reformation glittering o're my fault,  
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes  
Then that which hath no foile to set it off.  
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,

Redeeming time when men thinke least I will.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hollesper.*

*Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

*King* My blood hath bene too colde and temperate,  
Vnapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you haue found me, for accordingly  
You tread vpon my patience, but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe  
Mightie, and to be feard, then in condition,  
Which hath bene smooth as oyle, soft as yong downe,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues  
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,  
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands  
Haue holpe to make so portly. *North, My Lord.*

*King.* Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger, and disobedience in thine eie:  
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptorie,  
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure  
The moodie frontier of a seruant brow,  
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we neede  
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*  
You were about to speake.

*North.* Yea, my good Lord.  
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke,  
Were, as he saies, not with such strength denied  
As is deliuered to your Maiestie.  
Either enuie therefore, or misprision,  
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne.



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*Hotsp.* My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,  
But I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,  
Breathlesse and faint, leaning vpon my sword,  
Came there a certaine Lord, neate and trimly drest,  
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,  
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:  
He was perfumed like a Milliner,  
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held  
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon  
He gaue his nose, and took't away againe:  
Who there-with angry, when it next came there:  
Tooke it in snuffe, and still he smilede and talkt:  
And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,  
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,  
To bring a slouely vnhandsome coarfe  
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie.  
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes  
He questioned me: among the rest demanded  
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold;  
To be so pestred with a Poppingay,  
Out of my grieve and my impatience  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,  
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad:  
To see him thine so briske, and sinell so sweete,  
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God saue the markes:  
And telling me the soueraignst thing on earth,  
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruise,  
And that it was great pitie, so it was,  
This villanous saltpeeter should be digd  
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,  
He would himselfe haue bene a souldiour.  
This balde vniointed chat of his (my Lord)  
I answered indirectly (as I said)

*Henrie the fourth.*

And I beseech you, let not this report  
Come current for an accusation,  
Betwixt my loue and your high Maiestie.  
*Blunt.* The circumstance considered; good my Lord,  
What e're *Harry Percie* then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
May reasonably die, and neuer rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach.  
What then he said, so he vnlay it now.

*King.* Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with prouiso and exception,  
That we at our owne charge shall ransom straight  
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,  
VWho in my soule hath wilfully betraid  
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight  
Against the great Magitian, damned Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we heare, the Earle of March  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied to redeeme a traitour home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,  
When they haue lost and forfeited themselues?  
No, on the barren mountaine let him starue:  
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,  
To ransom home reuolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Reuolted Mortimer?  
He neuer did fall off, my soueraigne Liege,  
But by the chance of war: to proue that true,  
Needes no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,  
VWhen on the gentle Seuerns- siedgie banke,  
In single opposition hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an houre,  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.  
Three times they breathd and three times did they drinke  
Vpon agreement of swift Seuerns flood,  
VWho then affrighted with their bloudie looks,



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Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,  
Bloud stained with these valiant combatants,  
Neuer did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer  
Receiue so many, and all willingly:  
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

*King.* Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,  
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,  
As Owen Glendower for anemie.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me  
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,  
We licence your departure with your sonne,  
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

*Hot.* And if the diuell come and rore for them,  
I will not send them: I will after straight  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*North.* What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,  
Here comes your Vncle. *Enter Wor.*

*Hot.* Speake of Mortimer.  
Zounds I will speake of him: and let my soule  
Want mercie, if I do not ioyne with him:  
Yea, on his part Ile emptie all these veines,  
And shead my deare bloud, drop by drop in the dust,  
But I will lift the downe trod Mortimer  
As high in the ayre as this vnthankfull King,  
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.

*North.* Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,  
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe  
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

*Henry the fourth.*

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,  
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?

*North.* He was, I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,  
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth  
Vpon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted, did returne  
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth  
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

*Hot.* But soft I pray you, did King Richard then  
Proclaime my brother Mortimer  
Heire to the crowne?

*North.* He did, my selfe did heare it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his coosen King,  
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.  
But shall it be that you that set the crowne  
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,  
And for his sake weare the detested blot  
Of murderous subornation? shall it be  
That you a world of curses vndergo,  
Being the agents, or base second meanes,  
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
O pardon me, that I descend so low,  
To shew the line and the predicament,  
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.  
Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,  
Or fill vp chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobilitie and power  
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,  
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)  
To put downe Richard that sweete lovely Rose,  
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off  
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,



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No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reuenge the ieking and disdaind contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answere all the debt he owes to you,  
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace coosin, say no more.  
And now I will vnclasp a secreet booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
He read you matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in good-night, or sinke or swim,  
Send danger from the East vnto the West,  
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirs  
To rowse a Lyon, than to start a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.  
By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,  
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where sadome line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,  
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare  
Without corriuall all her dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures heere,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good coosin giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy,

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

*Hot.* He keepe them all;

By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,

No, if a Scot would saue his soule, he shall not.

*Henry the fourth.*

He keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no eare vnto my purposes:  
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay, I will: thats flat:  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,  
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer:  
But I will finde him when he lies a sleepe,  
And in his eare he hollo Mortimer:  
Nay, he haue a starling shalbe taught to speake  
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,  
To keepe his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you coolen a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemly desie,  
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,  
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,  
But that I thinke his father loues him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance:  
I would haue him poisoned with a pot of Ale.

*Wor.* Farewell kintman, he talke to you  
When you are better tempered to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a waspe-tongue and impatient foole  
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,  
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,  
Netled, and stung with pismires, when I heare  
Of this vile pollution Bullingbrooke.  
In Richards time, what do you call the place?  
A plague vpon it, it is in Glocestershire;  
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vncke kept,  
His vncke Yorke, where I first bowed my knee  
Vnto this King of smiles, this Bullingbrooke:  
Zblood, when you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

*Nor.* At Barkly castle.

*Hot.* You say true.

Why what a candie deale of curtesie,  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,  
Looke when this infant fortune came to age,  
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde coosen:



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O, the diuell take such coofeners, God forgie me,  
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

*Wor:* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leifure.

*Hot:* I haue done yfaith.

*Wor:* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,  
Deliver them vp, without their ransome strait,  
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane  
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons  
Which I shall send you written be assurde  
Will easely be granted you, my lord.  
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus employed,  
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe  
Of that same noble Prelate welbelu'd,  
The Archbishop.

*Hot-spurre* Of *Yorke*, is it not?

*Wor:* True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at *Bristow* the lord *Scroope*:  
I speake not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
And onely stayes but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot-spurre* I smell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

*Nor:* Before the game is afoot, thou still leest slip.

*Hot-spurre* Why it cannot choose but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,  
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

*Wor:* And so they shall.

*Hot-spurre* In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

*Wor:* And tis no little reason bids vs speede,  
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:  
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,  
The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfide,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And see already, how he doth beginne  
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* He does, he does, wee be reueng'd on him.

*Wor.* Coofish, farewell. No further go in this,  
Then I by letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:  
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,  
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,  
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

*Nor.* Farewell good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Vncle adieu: O let the houres be short,  
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our sport, *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day, He be hangd,  
Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horse not  
packt. What Ostler.

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat cuts saddle, put a few flocks in the  
point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 *Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that  
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this house is turned  
vp side downe since Robin Ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of oates rose,  
it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the most villanous house in all *Lon-*  
*don* roade for fleas, I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the masse there is nere a king chris-  
ten could be better bit, then I haue bene since the first cocke.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordane, and then we  
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like  
a loach.

1 *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger,  
and am ouer as far as *Charing Crosse*.

1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-  
ued: what Ostler? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy  
head? canst not heare, and t were not as good deede as drinke to



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breake the pate on thee, I am a verie villaine, come & be hangd,  
hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gadshill.* Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to se my gelding in the stable.

*1 Car.* Nay by God soft, I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

*2 Car.* I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry Ile see the hangd first.

*Gad.* Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

*2 Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho: Chamberlaine.

*Cham.* At hand quoth picke purse.

*Gad.* That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, there's a Franckelin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away presently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipst Saint Nicholas, as truly as a man of falshood may.

*Ga.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are other

Troians

*Henrie the fourth.*

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am ioyned with no footeland rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple hewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquillity, Burgomasters & great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speake, and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their booties.

*Cham.* What, the Common-wealth their booties? will she hold out water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, she will, iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a castle cocksure: we haue the receite of Ferneseede, wee walke inuisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneseed, for your walking inuisible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell, ye muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.*

*Poin.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued Falstalffs horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

*Prin.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstalffe.*

*Fals.* Poynes. Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

*Fals.* What Poynes, Hal?

*Prin.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

*Fals.* I am accur'd to rob in that theeues companie, the rascall hath remooued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourly any time this xxij. yeere, and yet I am be-



witchit with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be handg. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leaue these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoote with me: and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot bee true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd.

*Prince* Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being downe? zbloudile not beare mine owne flesh so farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncoltd.

*Fals.* I prethee good prince *Hal*, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prince* Out you rogue, shal I be your Ofler

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sacke be my poison: when jeaft is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it,

*Enter Gadf-hill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fals.* So I do against my will.

*Poynes* O tis our fetter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

*Bar:* Cae yee, cae yee, on with your vizardes, theres money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the kings exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad:* Theres enough to make vs all.

*Fals:* To be hangd.

*Prince* You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes and I will walke lower: if they scape from your encoun-

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto:* But how many be they of them?

*Gad:* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals:* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prince* What a coward sir *Iohn* Pawnc?

*Fals:* Indeepe I am not *Iohn* of *Cant* your grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince* Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poynes* Sirra lacke, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewell, & stand fast.

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd.

*Prince* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poynes* Here hard by, stand close.

*Fals:* Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say I, euery man to his businesse.

*Enter the Trauelers*

*Trauel:* Come neighbor, the boy shall leade our horses downe the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our legges.

*Theeues* Stand.

*Trauel.* Iesus blesse vs.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeson caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, sleece them.

*Trauel:* O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

*Fals:* Hang ye goi belied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fatte chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men must lue, you are grand jurors, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

*Exeunt*

*Here they rob them, and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poynes.*

*Prince* The theeues haue bound the true men: now coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it woulde be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a good jest for euer.

*Poynes* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals:* Come my maisters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes be not twoo arrand cowardest, theres no equitie stirring, theres no more valour in that Poynes; than in a wilde ducke.

*Prince*



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Prim. Your money.  
Poin. Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-  
set upon them, they all runne away, and Fal-  
stafte after a blow or two runs away too, lea-  
uing the bootie behinde them.*

Prim. Got with much ease. Now merily to horse: the theeves  
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare not  
meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good  
Ned, Falstafte sweares to death, and lards the leane earth as hee  
walkes along: wer't not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poin. How the rogue roard.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.*

*But for mine owne part my Lord, I could be well contented to bee  
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the respect of the  
loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne  
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

Why that's certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to  
drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,  
we plucke this flower safene.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named  
uncertaine, the time is selfe vnforted, and your whole plot too light, for  
the counterpoysse of so great an opposition,*

Say you so: say you so. I say vnto you againe you are a shal-  
low cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by  
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true  
and constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an  
excellent plot, very good friends; what a frostie spirited rogue is  
this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the gene-  
rall course of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this rasc-  
call, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my  
father, my vncl, and my selfe, Lorde Edmund Mortimer, my  
Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the  
Dowglas? haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the  
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-  
ward already? what a pagan rascall is this, and infidel? Ha, you  
shall see now in very sincerety of feare and cold heart, will hee to  
the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide

Henry the fourth.

my selfe, & go to buffets, for moouing such a dish of skim milke  
with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king,  
we are prepared: I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*  
How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres?

*Lady* O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin  
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?  
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee  
Thy stomake, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?  
And start so often when thou sittest alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes?  
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee  
To thicke eyde musing, and curst melancholy?  
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,  
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,  
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding steede,  
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt  
Of sallies, and retires, of trenches, tents,  
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,  
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,  
And all the currents of a heddy fight,  
Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at warre,  
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,  
That beds of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow  
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,  
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,  
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,  
On some great sodaine haste. O what portents are these?  
Some heauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

*Hot.* What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Ser.* He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriffe?

*Ser.* One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roane? a crop-eare, is it not?

*Ser.* It is, my Lord.



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*Hot.* That Roane shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madhedded ape, a weazell hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tolt with. In faith Ile knowe your busines Harry, that I will: I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you go.

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shall be wearie, loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraguito, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shall aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you triffer, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me, my horse: What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede? Well, do not then? for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But hearken you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth, question me, Whither I go: nor reason, where about: Whither I must, I must and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate: I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, No Lady closer, for I well beleeue, Thou wilt not viter, what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far?

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but hearken you Kate, Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set forth, to morrow you: Will this content you Kate?

*Lady.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poines.*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poines.* Where hast bin Hal?

*Prince.* With three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or foure score hogf-heads. I haue founded the very base string of humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of curtesie, and tell me flatterly I am no prowde lacke, like *Falstaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call mee) and when I am King of England, I shall commaund all the good lads in *Eastcheape*. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinkar in his owne language, during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet Ned: to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder-skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, than eight shillings and sixe pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anon, anon firskore a pinte of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to driue away the time till *Falstaffe* come: I prethee, doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe thou neuer leaue calling *Frances*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, anone: steppe aside, and ile shew thee a present.

*Poines.* Frances.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Prince.* Frances.

*Enter Drawer.*

*(Ralse.)*

*Frances.* Anone anone firskore, looke downe into the Poincar net,



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*Prince* Come hither, *Frances*. *Frances* My lord.

*Prince* How long hast thou to serue, *Frances*?

*Frances* Forsooth fīue yeeres, and as much as to

*Poines* *Frances*.

*Frances* Anone, anone sir.

*Prince* Fīue yeeres, berlady a long lease for the clincking of pewters; But *Frances*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it,

*Frances* O lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the books in *Eng.* land. I could finde in my heart

*Poines* *Frances*. *Frances* Anone sir.

*Prince* How olde arte thou, *Frances*?

*Frances* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be

*Poines* *Frances*.

*Frances* Anone sir, pray you stay alittle my lord.

*Prince* Nay but hearke you *Frances*, for the sugar thou gauest me, it was a penyworth, wast not?

*Frances* O lord, I would it had bin two.

*Prince* I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poines* *Frances* *Frances* Anone, anone.

*Prince* Anone *Frances*? No *Frances*, but to morrow *Frances*; or *Frances*, on thurseday: or indeede *Frances*, when thou wilt. But *Frances*.

*Frances* My lord.

*Prince* Wilt thou robbe this leatherne jerkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smoothe tongue, Spanish powch?

*Frances* O lord sir, who doe you meane?

*Prince* Why then your browne bastard is your onely drinke; for looke you *Frances*, your white canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Frances* What sir? *Poines* *Frances*.

*Prince* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

*¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, standst thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke

*Henry the fourth.*

to the ghefts within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a douzen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone a while, and then open the doore: *Poines.*

*Poines.* Anon, Anon sir.

*Enter Poines.*

*Prince.* Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the theeues are at the doore, shall we be merry?

*Poi.* As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

*Prince.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the olde dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke *Frances*?

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* That euer this fellow should haue fewer wordes then a Parrat, and yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kils me some sixe or seauen douzen of Scots at a breakefast, washes his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry, saies she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answers, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Riue*, saies the drunkard: call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poines.* Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

*Falst.* A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. Ere I leade this life long, ile sowe neather stockes, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

*he drinketh.*

*Prince.* Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitifull harted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of the sunne? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Falst.*



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*Fal.* You rogue, heeres lime in this sacke too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worse then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhand in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now, Wolsacke, what matter you?

*Fal.* A kings sonne: if I do not beate thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy subiects afore thee like a flocke of wilde geese, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

*Prin.* Why you hore son round-man, what's the matter?

*Falst.* Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and Poinces there.

*Poin.* Zoundes yee fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, ile stab thee.

*Falst.* I call thee cowarde? ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound, I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Pri.* O villaine, thy lips are scarfe wip't since thou drunkst last.

*Falst.* All's one for that. *He drinketh.*

A plague of all cowards still say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter?

*Falst.* Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prince.* Where is it? lacke, where is it?

*Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prince.* VWhat, a hundred, man?

*Falst.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose,

*Henry the fourth.*

my buckler cut through and through, my sworde hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truely, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darkenesse.

*God.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Ros.* We foure set vpon some douzen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

*Ros.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else, and Ebrew Iew.

*Ros.* As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Falst.* All? I knowe not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore old lacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

*Prin.* Pray God, you haue not murdered some of them.

*Falst.* Nay, that's 'past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spitte in my face; call mee horse: thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

*Fal.* Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

*Po.* I, I, he said, foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all afront, and mainly thrust at mee; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Fal.* In Buckrom.

*Poinces.* I, foure, in buckrom suites.

*Fal.* Seuen, by these hiltes, or I am a villaine else.

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Fal.* Doe'st thou heare me, Hal?

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, lacke.

*Falst.*



*Falst.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Falst.* Their points being broken,

*Poynes.* Downe fell his hose.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleven I paid,

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleven buckrom men growne out of two?

*Falst.* But as the diuell would haue it, three mis-begotten knaues, in kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horsefon obscene greasie tallow-catch.

*Falst.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the trueth the trueth?

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What sayest thou to this?

*Poynes.* Come, your reason, Iacke, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-prester, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fal.* Zblood you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats-tongue, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but this.

*Poynes.* Marke, Iacke.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a

word, outface't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house: and Falstalffe, you carried your guts away as nimble, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and still run and roare, as euer I heard bul-calse. What a slaue art thou to hacke thy sword as thou hast done? and then say it was in fight. What tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poin.* Come, lets heare, Iacke, what tricke hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare you, my masters, was it for me, to kill the heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but, beware instinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, heartes of gold, all the titles of good fellowshippe come to you. What, shall we be merrie, shall we haue a play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* A, no more of that Hal, & thou louest me. *Enter hostesse.*

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now, my Lady the hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Ho.* Marry, my L, there is a noble-man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he saies, he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother,

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Ho.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile send him packing.

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

*Prin.*



*Prin.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and went on with the maner, & euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prince* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot liuers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long is't ago, Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, & he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the bastinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poines* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the frightie Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killeth a sparrow flying,

*Falst.* You haue hit it.

*Prince* So did he neuer the sparrow.

*Falst.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

*Prince* Why what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Falst.* A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) but afoote he will not budge afoote.

*Prince* Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

*Falst.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, he is there too, and one Mordacke, and a thousand blew caps more. *What?* Her is stolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as stinking mackrell.

*Prince* Then tis like, if there come a hote lune, and this ciuill buffering hold, we shal buy maidenheads as they buy hobnailes, by the hundreds.

*Falst.* By the masse lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way: but tell me Hal, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, and that diuell Glendower? art not thou horribly afeard? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prince* Not a whit yfaith, I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Falst.* VVell, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

*Prince* Doe thou stand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Falst.* Shall I? content: this chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

*Prince* Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy pretious rich crowne, for a pitti-full balde crowne.

*Falst.* VVell, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be mooued. Giue mee a cuppe of sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it, in King Cambises vaine.



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*Prince* Well, here is my leg.

*Falst.* And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.

*Ho.* O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

*Falst.* Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

*Falst.* For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene,  
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as  
euer I see.

*Falst.* Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.

Harry, I do not only maruell, where thou spendest thy time:  
but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammornil  
the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: yet youth, the more  
it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue partly  
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villanous  
tricke of thine eie, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that  
doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to mee, heere lieth the  
point: why, being sonne to me, arte thou so pointed at? Shall the  
blesst sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate blacke-ber-  
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue  
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,  
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many  
in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as antient writers  
doe repute) dooth defile: so dooth the company thou keepest:  
for *Harry*, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not  
in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes also:  
and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy  
company, but I know not his name.

*Prince* What maner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

*Falst.* A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-  
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,  
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to three score, and now I  
remember me, his name is *Falstafle*: if that man should be lewd-  
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his lookes: if  
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,  
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstafle*,  
him keepe with, the rest banish: and tel me now, thou naughtie  
varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

*Henrie the fourth.*

*Prince* Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for mee,  
and ile play my father.

*Falst.* Depose me; if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiesti-  
cally both in worde and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a  
rabbet sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

*Prince* Well, heere I am set.

*Falst.* And here I stand, iudge, my masters.

*Prince* Now, Harry, whence come you?

*Falst.* My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

*Prince* The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

*Falst.* Zblood my Lord, they are false: nay, ile tickle yee for a  
yong Prince Ifaith.

*Prince* Swearest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're looke  
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a di-  
uell haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man, a tun of man  
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trancke of  
humours, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell  
of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloake-bag of  
guts, that roasted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his bel-  
ly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that  
vanitie in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to taste sacke & drinke  
it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? where-  
in cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein  
villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Falst.* I would your grace would take mee with you, whom  
meanes your grace?

*Prince* That villanous abhominable misleader of youth: *Fal-  
stafle*, that old white bearded Sathan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know.

*Prince* I know thou doest.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,  
were to say more then I know: that hee is olde, the more the pit-  
tie, his white haire doe witnesse it: but that he is, sauing your re-  
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke and sugar be  
a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sinne,  
thē many an old host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be  
hated, thē Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord,  
banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Paines, but for sweet sacke



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Falstalffe, kinde Iacke Falstalffe, true Iacke Falstalffe, valiant Iacke Falstalffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee, is olde Iacke Falstalffe, banish not him thy Harries company, banish not him thy Harries company; banish plumpe Iacke, and banish all the world.

*Prince* I, do, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most monstrous watch, is at the doore.

*Fal.* Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstalffe.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Hos.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Prince* Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a fiddle sticke, what's the matter?

*Ho.* The Sherife and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Doeſt thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of gold a counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prince* And thou, a naturall coward without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your Maior, if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone bee strangled with a halter as another.

*Prin.* Goe, hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp a-boue: now my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now master Sherife, what is your will with me?

*Ske.* First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prin.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lorde, a grosse fat man.

*Car.* As fat, as butter.

*Prin.* The man, I doe assure you, is not here, For I my selfe at this time haue imployd him:

*Henry the fourth.*

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow dinner time, Send him to answere thee or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall, And so let me intreat you leaue the house.

*Sher.* I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haue, in this robbery, lost 300. markes.

*Prin.* It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble Lord.

*Prin.* I thinke it is god morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

*Prince* This oylie rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

*Peto* Falstalfe? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

*Prince* Harke, how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets.

*He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.*

*Prince* VVhat hast thou found?

*Peto* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*Prince* Lets see what they be: reade them.

Item, a capon

2.s.ii.d.

Item, sawce

iiii.d.

Item, sacke, two gallons

v.s.viii.d.

Item, anchaues and sacke after supper

2.s.vi.d.

Item, bread

ob.

O monstrous! but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of sacke? what there is else, keepe close, weele reade it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day; ile to the court in the morning. We must all to the warres, and thy place shalbe honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a march of twelue score; the money shal be payd backe againe with aduantage; be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto.*

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,*

*Owen Glendower.*

*Mor.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And



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And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, & coosen Glendower wil you sit downe:  
and vnle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

*Glen.* No, here it is; sit Coosen Piercie, sit good Coosen  
Hotspur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,  
his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in  
heauen.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower  
spoke of.

*Glen.* I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie  
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes  
Of burning cressets, and at my birth  
The frame and foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.

*Hot.* Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your  
mothers cat had but kittened, though your selfe had neuer bene  
borne.

*Glen.* I say, the earth did shake when I was borne.

*Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glen.* The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* Oh! then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,  
And not in feare of your natiuitie.  
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth  
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kinde of collicke pincht and vext,  
By the imprisoning of vnuly winde  
Within her wombe, which for enlargement struiing,  
Shakes the old Beldame earth; and topples downe  
Steeple and mossegrown Towers. At your birth  
Our Grandam earth, hauing this distemperature,  
In passion shooke.

*Glen.* Coosen, of many men  
I do not beare these crossing; giue me leaue  
To tell you once againe, that at my birth  
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These

*Henry the fourth.*

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,  
And all the courtes of my life do shew,  
I am not in the rolle of common men:  
Where is he liuing, clipt in with the sea,  
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Which calls me pe pill, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out, that is but womans sonne,  
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Art,  
And hold me pace, in deepe experiments.

*Hot.* I thinke, there's no man speakes better Welsh:  
He to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace coosen Percy, you will make him mad.

*Glen.* I can call spirits from the vasty deepe.

*Hot.* Why, for can I, or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glen.* Why, I can teach you coosen, to command the deuill.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coose, to shame the deuill,  
By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the diuell:  
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And lebe sworne, I haue power to shame him hence:  
Oh while you liue, tell truth and shame the deuill.

*Mor.* Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

*Glen.* Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head  
Against my power, thrice from the bancks of Wye,  
And sandy bottomd Seuerne haue I sent him  
Bootles home, and weather beaten backe.

*Hot.* Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?  
How scapes he agues, in the diuels name?

*Glen.* Come, here is the map, shall we deuide our right,  
According to our threefold order tane?

*Mor.* The Arch-deacon hath deuided it  
Into three limits, very equally:

England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,  
By South and East, is to my part assignd:  
All Westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose, to you,  
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

F

And



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And our indentures tripartite are drawne,  
Which being sealed enterchangeably,  
(A businesse that this night may execute:)  
To morrow, coosen Percy, you and I,  
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth:  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed vs, at *Shrewsbury*.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we neede his helpe these fourteene daies:  
Within that space, you may haue drawne together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glen.* A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,  
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,  
From whome you now must steale, and take no leaue,  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

*Hot.* Me thinks, my moity North from Burton here,  
In quantitie equals not one of yours:  
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out:  
He haue the current in this place damd vp,  
And here the smug and siluer Trent shall runne  
In a new channell, faire and euenly,  
It shall not wind, with such a deepe indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

*Glen.* Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

*Mor.* Yea, but marke, how he beares his conrse, and runs me  
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed  
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this Northside, win this cape of land,  
And then he runs straight, and euen.

*Hot.* He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

*Glen.* He not haue it alred.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glen.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Henry the fourth.*

*Glen.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.

*Glen.* I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,  
For, I was traind vp in the English Court,  
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe  
Many an English dittie, louely well,  
And gaue the tongue a helpfull ornament:  
A vertue, that was neuer seene in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I am glad of it, with all my heart,  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:  
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turnd,  
Or a dry wheele grate on the axle-tree,  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry:  
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

*Glen.* Come, you shall haue Trent turnd.

*Hot.* I do not care, Ile giue thrice so much land  
To any well deseruing friend:  
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:  
Ile cauell on the ninth part of a haire.  
Are the indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

*Glen.* The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:  
He hast the writer, and withall,  
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,  
I am a fraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

*Exit.*

*Mor.* Fie, coosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

*Hot.* I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me  
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:  
And, of a Dragon and a finlesse fish,  
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulted Rauon,  
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,  
And such a deale of skimble skamble stuffe,  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,  
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,  
In reckoning vp the seuerall diuels names



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That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But mark him not a word, O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,  
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather live  
With cheefe and garlike in a Windmill far,  
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any summer house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceeding well read and profited  
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,  
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull  
As mines of India: shall I tell you, coosen,  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,  
When you come crosse his humour, faith he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not aloue,  
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:  
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your coming hither haue done enough  
To put him quite besides his patience:  
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you:  
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,  
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdain,  
The least of which, hanging a noble man,  
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stain  
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hor.* Well, I am schoold, good manners be your speede,  
Here come your wives, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My wife can speake no English, I no welsh.

*Glen.* My daughter weepes, shee'll not part with you,

*Henry the fourth.*

Shee'll be a souldier too, shee'll to the wars.

*Mor.* Good father tell her, that she, and my Aunt Percy  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers  
him in the same.*

*Glen.* Shee is desperate here,  
A peeuishe selfe wilde harlotrie, one that no perswasion can doe  
good vpon.

*The Lady speaks in Welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy lookes, that prettie Welsh,  
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,  
I am too perfect in, and but for shame  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

*The Lady againe in Welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant loue,  
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweete as ditties highly pend,  
Sung by a faire Queene in a summers bowre,  
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

*Glen.* Nay, if you melt, then will she runne mad,

*The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.*

*Mor.* O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

*Glen.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,  
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,  
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse,  
Making such difference twixt wake and sleepe,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The houre before the heavenly harnest teeme  
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

*Mor.* With all my heart, he sit and heare her sing,  
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

*Glen.* Do so, and those Multions that shall play to you,  
Hang in the ayre a thousand leagues from hence,  
And straight they shall be here, and attend.

*Hot.*



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*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:  
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*La.* Go, ye giddy goose.

*The musicke playes.*

*Hot.* Now, I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welsh,  
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous,  
Birlady he is a good musicion.

*La.* Then should you be nothing but musicall,  
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:  
Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Irish,

*La.* Would'st haue thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*La.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

*La.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the welsh Ladies bed.

*La.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace, she sings.

*Here the Ladie sings a welsh Song*

*Hot.* Come, ile haue your song to.

*La.* Not mine in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfit-  
makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as  
God shall mend me, and as sure as day:  
And giuest such sarcenet suretie for thy oathes.  
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsburie.  
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue, in sooth,  
And such protest of pepper ginger bread,  
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.  
Come, sing.

*La.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher,  
and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these two houres,  
and so come in when ye will.

*Exit.*

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,  
As *Hot.* Lord Percy, is on fire to go:

*Henry the fourth.*

By this, our booke is drawne, weele but seale,  
And then to horse immediatly.

*Mor.* With all my heart.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*

*King.* Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I  
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,  
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*  
I know not whether God will haue it so,  
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,  
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,  
Hee'le breed reuengement and a scourge for me:  
But thou dost in the passages of life,  
Make me beleue that thou art onely mark't,  
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,  
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatnesse of thy blood,  
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

*Prin.* So please your Maiestie, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,  
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge  
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As in reproofe of many tales deuise,  
Which oft the eare of greatnesse needes must heare  
By smiling pick-thanks and base newes-mongers,  
I may for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,  
Finde pardon, on my true submission.

*King.* God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors,  
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplide,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts



Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
Prophetically do forethinke thy fall  
Had I so lauish of my presence bene,  
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheape to vulgar company,  
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputelesse banishment,  
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.  
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,  
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,  
That men would tell their children, This is he:  
Others would say, Where, which is Bullingbrooke?  
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,  
And drest my selfe in such hutillitie,  
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,  
Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouthes,  
Euen in the presence of the crowned King.  
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,  
My presence like a robe pontificall,  
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state  
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,  
And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.  
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,  
Had his great name prophaned with their scarnes,  
And gaue his countenance against his name  
To laugh at gibing boyes, and stand the push  
Of euery beardless vaine comparatiue,  
Grew a companion to the common streetes,  
Enscost himselfe to popularitie,  
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,  
They surfettted with hony, and began to loath  
The taste of sweetenesse, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seene,  
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
Heard, not regarded: seene, but with such eyes  
As were and blunted with communitie,  
Affoord no extraordinarie gaze.  
Such as is bent on Sun-like Maiestie,  
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,  
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,  
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect  
As cloudy men vse to doe to their aduersaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,  
For, thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge,  
With vile participation. Not an eye,  
But is aweary of thy common sight,  
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,  
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tenderesse.

*Prin.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,  
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh,  
And euen as I was then, is Percy now:  
Now, by my scepter, and my soule to boote,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Then thou, the shadow of succession.  
For of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fieldes with harnesse in the Realme,  
Turns head against the Lyons armed iawes,  
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,  
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on  
To bloody battels, and to bruising armes.  
What neuer dying honour hath he got,  
Against renowned Dowglas? Whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in armes,  
Holds from all souldier: chiefe maioritie,  
And militarie title capitall



*The Historie of*

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,  
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,  
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,  
And shake the peace and safetie of our throne,  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishops grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my neereft and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassall feare,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,  
To fight against me, vnder Percies pay,  
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,  
To shew, how much thou art degenerate.

*Prin.* Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,  
And God forgiue them, that so much haue swayd  
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me.  
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,  
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,  
And stain my fauors in a bloudie maske,  
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, when e're it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renowne,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all praised knight,  
And your vnthought of Harry, chance to meete,  
For every honor, fitting on his helme,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled. For the time will come  
That I shall make this Northren youth exchange  
His glorious deedes, for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,  
To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

*Henry the fourth.*

And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render euery glory vp,  
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here,  
The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall performe:  
I do beseech your Maiestie may salue  
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
And I will die, a hundred thousand deaths,  
E're breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this,  
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein.  
How now good Blunt? thy lookes are full of speed.

*Enter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* So hath the busines, that I come to speake of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,  
That Douglas and the English rebels met,  
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury,  
A mighty, and a fearefull head they are,  
(If promises be kept on euery hand,  
As euer offred foule play in a state.

*King.* The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,  
With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
For this aduertisement is fve daies old,  
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward,  
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting  
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall march  
Through Gloucestershire, by which account,  
Our busines valued some twelue daies hence,  
Our generall forces, at Bridgenorth shall meete:  
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,  
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.*

*Fal.* Bardoll, am I not false away viley since this last action?  
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about  
me, like an olde Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde  
apple Iohn. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in

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some



some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church, Company, villanous company hath bene the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdie song, make me merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, did not aboute seuen times a week, went to a bawdy house not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a memento mori. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my othe should bee, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wilde-fire, there's no purchase in mony. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bone-fire light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the sicke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two & thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Parlet the hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pickt my pocket?

Enter host.

Host. Why sir Iohn, what do you thinke, sir Iohn? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelie, Hostesse, Bardoll was shau'd and lost many a haire: and Ile be sworne, my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? No, I desie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cal'd so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well inough.

Host. No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn: I know you sir Iohn, you owe me mony, sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy doulas. I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe mony here besides, sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face. What call you rich? let them coyne his nose, let them coyne his checkes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yonker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in myne Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale ring of my grandfathers, worth fortie marke.

Host. O Iesul I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneak-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him

playing on his trunchion like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the winde in that doore I faith? must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two, and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you heare me.



*The Historie of*

*Prin.* What saiest thou, mistress quickly? how doeth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my Lord heare me.

*Falst.* Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

*Prin.* What sayst thou Iacke?

*Falst.* The other night, I fell asleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy house, they picke pockets.

*Prin.* What didst thou lose, Iacke?

*Falst.* Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of forty pound a'piece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say so: and my Lord hee speaks most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said he would cudgell you.

*Prince* What he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Falst.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing, what thing?

*Falst.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Host.* I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Falst.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

*Falst.* What beast? why, an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, sir John? why an Otter?

*Falst.* Why? thee's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Host.* Thou art an vniust man, in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou sayst true, Hostesse, and he slaunders thee most grossely.

*Host.* So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, You

ought

*Henrie the fourth.*

ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince* Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

*Falst.* A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy loue.

*Host.* Nay, my Lord, hee cald pou Iacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

*Falst.* Did I, Bardoll?

*Bar.* Indeed, sir John, you said so.

*Falst.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Pri.* I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Falst.* Why, Hal? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpes.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Falst.* The king himsele, is to bee feared as the Lyon: doest thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? but sirra, there's no roome for faith, truth, nor honestie, in this bosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp with guttes, and midriffe, Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou horeson impudent imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Doest thou heare, Hal? thou knowst in the state of innocencie, Adam fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstafse do in the daies of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my pocket.

*Prin.* It appeares so by the storie.

*Fal.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee, goe make ready breakefast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruants, cherish thy ghests, thou shalt find mee tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, prethee be gone.

*Exit Hostesse.*

Now, Hal, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad? how is that answered?

*Prin.*



*The Historie of*

*Prin.* O, my sweet beoffe, I must still be good angel to thee:  
the money is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and  
do it with vnwash't hands too.

*Bar.* Do, my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee, Iacke, a charge of foote.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one  
that can steale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or there-  
abouts; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laude them, I  
prayse them.

*Prin.* Bardoll.

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
To my brother Iohn, this, to my Lord of Westmerland.  
Go, Peto, to horse, for thou and I

Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner times:

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue  
Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either we or they must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words, braue world. Hostesse, my breakefast, come,  
Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking trueth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue,

As not a souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God, I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe:

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

*Douglas.* Thou art the King of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well: What letters hast thou there? I can  
but thanke you.

*Mef.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

*Mef.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grievous sicke.

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he the leisure to be sicke  
In such a iustling time? who leads his power?

Vnder whose government come they along?

*Mef.* His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

*Wor.* I prethee, tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

*Mef.* He did, my Lord, foure daies e're I set forth,  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much feard by his Phisitions.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first bin whole,  
Ere he by sicknes had bin visited:  
His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now, this sicknes doth infect  
The very life-bloud of our enterprise,  
'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:  
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,  
And that his friends by deputation  
Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust  
On any soule remou'd, but on his owne,  
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,  
That with our small coniunction, we should on,  
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the King is certainly possesse  
Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknes is a maim to vs.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limbe lopt off,  
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want  
Seemes more, then we shall find it: were it good,  
To set the exact wealth of all our states,  
All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,  
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,  
It were not good, for therein should we reade



*The Historie of*

The very botome and the soule of hope,  
The very list, the very vtmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweete reuerſion,  
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope, of what tis to come in  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Hot.* A randeous, a home to flie vnto,  
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big  
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had bene heres  
The qualitie and haire of our attempt  
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought  
By ſome, that know not why he is away,  
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike  
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.  
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion  
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,  
And breede a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:  
For, well you know, we of the offering ſide,  
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,  
And ſtop all fight-holes, euery loope, from whence  
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs.  
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,  
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You ſtraine too far.  
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,  
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to your great enterprize,  
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,  
If we without his helpe can make a head  
To puſh againſt a kingdome, with his helpe  
We ſhall or turne it, topſie turuy downe,  
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

*Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* My cooſen Vernon, welcome by my ſoule.

*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.  
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeuē thouſand ſtrong,  
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.

*Hot.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further I haue learnd,  
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,  
Or hitherwards intended ſpedily,  
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſonne,  
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?  
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,  
And bid it paſſe?

*Ver.* All furniſht, all in Armes:  
All plumde like Eſtridges, that with the winde  
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,  
Glittering in golden coates like images,  
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the ſunne at Midſomer,  
Wanton as youthfull goates, wilde as yong buls:  
I ſaw yong Harry with his beuer on,  
His cuſhes on his thighs, gallantly armde,  
Riſe from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,  
As if an Angell dropt downe from the clouds,  
To turne and wind a fiery Pegafus,  
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

*Hot.* No more, no more, worſe then the ſun in March,  
This praife doth nourish agues, let them come,  
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyd maid of ſmoky war,  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altars ſit  
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on fire  
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,  
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horſe,  
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,  
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales,

*H. 4*

*Harry*



*The Historie of*

Harry to Harry, shall not horse to horse  
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a course  
Oh, that Glendower were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learnd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He can drawe his power this fourteene daies.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings, that I heare of it.

*Wor.* I by my faith, that beares a frostie sound.

*Hot.* What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Fortie let it be,

My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of vs may serue so great a day.  
Come let vs take a muster speedily,  
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merily.

*Doug.* Talke not of dying, I am out of feare  
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.*

*Fals.* Bardoll, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a bottle of  
sacke, our souldiours shall march through. Wee'll to Sutton cop-  
hill to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money, Captaine?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottle makes an angell.

*Fal.* And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-  
ty, take them all, Ile answere the coynage, bid my Liuetenant  
Peto meete me at Townes end.

*Bar.* I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be ashamed of my souldiours, I am a sowst gurnet, I  
haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in ex-  
change of 150. souldiours, 300. and odd pounds. I presse me  
none, but good householders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out  
contracted batchelers, such as had beene askt twice on the  
banes, such a commodity of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare  
the Diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuer,  
worfe then a strooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I prest me none,  
but such tosts and butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger  
then pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and

*Henry the fourth.*

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-  
tenants, gentlemen of companies, slaues as ragged as Lazarus in  
the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores: and  
such as indeede were neuer souldiours, but discarded, vniust ser-  
uing men, yonger sonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapsters,  
and Orlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long  
peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged, then an old fazde  
ancient, and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue  
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hun-  
dred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come from swine-kee-  
ping, from eating draffe and huskes. A madde fellow mette mee  
on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets and prest  
the dead bodies. No eie hath scene such skar-crowes. Ile not  
march through Couentrie with them, that's flatte: nay, and the  
villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on,  
for indeede, I had the most of them out of prison, there's not a  
shirte and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirte is two  
napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a  
Herald's coate without sleeues, and the shirte, to say the truth,  
stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red nose Inkeeper of  
Dauinty, but that's all one, thei'll finde linnen enough on eue-  
ry hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.*

*Prin.* How now, blowne Iacke? how now, quilt?

*Fal.* What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a diuel dost thou  
in Warwickshire? My good L. of Westmerland, I cry you mer-  
cie, I thought your honour had already bene at Shrewesburie.

*West.* Faith, sir Iohn, 'tis more then time that I were there, and  
you too, but my powers are there already: the king I can tell you,  
lookes for vs all, we must away all night.

*Fals.* Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-  
ready made thee butter: but tell me, Iacke, whose fellows are  
these that come after?

*Fals.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prin.* I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.

*Fals.* Tut, tut, good enough to tosse, foode for powder, foode  
fo



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for powder, theile fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but, sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare: too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that: and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learn't that of me.

*Pri.* No, ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the ribs bare: but sirra, make haste, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the king incamp't?

*West.* He is, sir Iohn, I feare we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Wee'le fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Dougl.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why, say you so? lookes he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good coosen be aduise, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Dougl.* You doe not counsell well: You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas, by my life,  
And I dare well mainraine it with my life;  
If well respected honor bid me on,  
I hold as little counsell with weake feare,  
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:  
Let be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

*Yea, or to night.* *Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag backe our expedition: certaine horse  
Of my coosen Vernons are not yet come vp.

*Henry the fourth.*

Your Vnckle Worcesters horses came but to day,  
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe,

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy,  
In generall iourney bated and brought low:  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
For Gods sake, coosen, stay till all come in.

*The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt: and would to God  
You were of our determination;  
Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some  
Enuie your great deseruings and good name,  
Because you are not of our qualitie,  
But stand against vs like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of limit and true rule  
You stand against anoynted Maiestie.  
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your grieues, and whereupon  
You coniure from the breast of ciuill peace,  
Such bold hostilitie, teaching his dutious land  
Audacious crueltie. If that the king  
Haue any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your grieues, and with all speed,  
You shall haue your desires with interest  
And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these  
Herein mislead by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind: and well we know, the king  
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:  
My father, my vnckle, and my selfe,  
Did giue him that same royaltie he weares,  
And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,  
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched and low,



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A poore vnminde outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:  
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery, and beg his peace  
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,  
My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realme,  
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,  
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,  
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,  
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,  
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,  
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
Steps me a little higher then his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,  
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,  
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme  
Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees  
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,  
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
Ouer his Countrie wrongs, and by this face,  
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne  
The hearts of all that he did angle for:  
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads  
Of all the fauourites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.

*Hot.* Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'de the King,  
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,  
And in the necke of that, task't the whole states  
To make that worse, suffred his kinsman March,  
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

indeed

*Henry the fourth.*

Indeede his King) to be ingag'd in Wales,  
There without rancome to lie forfeited,  
Disgrac't me in my happy victories,  
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,  
Rated mine vnckle from the counsell boord,  
In rage dismis'd my father from the Court,  
Broke othe on othe, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out  
This head of safetie, and withall to prie  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I returne this answere to the King?

*Hot.* Not so, sir Walter. Wee'le withdraw a while.

Go to the King, and let there be impawnd  
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,  
And in the morning early shall my vnckle  
Bring him our purposes, and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and loue,

*Hot.* And may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you do.

*Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and sir Mighell.*

*Arch.* Hie, good sir Mighell, beare this sealed brieft  
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,  
This to my coosen Scroope, and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.

To morrow, good sir Mighell, is a day,  
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch. For sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,  
The King with mighty and quicke raised power,  
Meetes with Lord Harry: And I feare, sir Mighell,  
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland.  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what Owen Glendowers absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated sinew too,

I

And



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And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,  
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,  
To wage an instant triall with the King.

*Sir M.* Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,  
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne  
The speciall head of all the land together.  
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,  
And many mo coriuals and deare men  
Of fellowship, and command in armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my L. they shall be well oppos'd

*Arch.* I hope no lesse, yet, needfull 'tis to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighell, speede:  
For if Lord Percy thriue not, e're the king  
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
And, 'tis but wisdom, to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe  
To other friends, and so farewell, sir Mighell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle  
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

*King.* How bloudily the sunne begins to peare,  
Above yon busky hill, the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prin.* The Southeren wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And, by the hollow whistling in the leaues,  
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then, with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The trumpet sounds, Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,  
That you and I should meete vpon such tearmes

*Henry the fourth.*

As now we meete. You haue deceiu'd our trust,  
And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,  
To crush our old limmes in vngentle steele:  
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit  
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?  
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,  
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigie of feare, and a portent  
Of broched mischiete to the vnborne times?

*Wor.* Heare me, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well content,  
To entertaine the lag end of my life  
With quiet houres. For I protest,  
I haue not fought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You haue not fought it: how comes it then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prin.* Peace, chewet, peace.

*Wor.* It pleas'd your Maiestie to turne your lookes  
Off fauour, from my selfe, and all our house,  
And yet I must remember you, my Lord:  
We were the first and dearest of your friends,  
For you my staffe of office did I breake  
In Richards time, and posted day and night  
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was my selfe, my brother and his sonne,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdate  
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,  
And you did sweare that othe at Dancafter,  
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,  
Nor claime no further, then your new false right,  
The seate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster:  
To this, we swore our aid: but in short space  
It rained downe fortune showing on your head,  
And such a flood of greatnesse fell on you,



What with our helpe, what with the absent King,  
What with the iniuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the king  
So long in his vnluckie Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead:  
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,  
You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed  
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,  
Forgot your othe to vs at Dancafter,  
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,  
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird  
Vseth the sparrow, did oppresse our nest,  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulke,  
That euen our loue durst not come neere your sight,  
For feare of swallowing: but with nimble wing  
We were enforc't for safetie sake, to flie  
Out of your sight, and raise this present head,  
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes,  
As you your selfe haue forg'd against your selfe  
By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworne to vs in your yonger enterprize.

*King.* These things indeede you haue articulate,  
Proclaimed at market Crosse, read in Churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion,  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings and poore discontents,  
Which gape and rub the elbow at the newes  
Of hurly burly innouation,  
And neuer yet did insurrection want  
Such water colours, to impaint his cause,  
Nor moody beggars, staruing for a time,  
Of pell mell hauocke and confusion.

*Prin.* In both your armies there is many a soule,  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they ioine in tryall, tell your nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth ioine with all the world

In praise of Henry Percy, by my hopes,  
This present enterprise set of his head,  
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,  
More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant yong,  
More daring, or more bold is now aliue,  
To grace this latter age with noble deedes:  
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,  
I haue a trewant been to chiuallrie,  
And so I heare, he doth account me too;  
Yet this before my fathers Maiestie,  
I am content that he shall take the oddes  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to saue the blood on eyther side,  
Try fortune with him, in single fight.

*Kin.* And Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
Albeit, considerations infinite  
Do make against it: No good Worcester, no:  
We loue our people well, euen those we loue,  
That are misled vpon your coosens part,  
And will they take the offer of our Grace,  
Both he, and they and you, yea euery man  
Shall be my friend againe, and ile be his.  
So tell your coosen, and bring me word  
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,  
And they shall doe their office. So be gone:  
We will not now be troubled with replie,  
We offer faire, take it aduisedly. *Exit Worcester.*

*Prin.* It will not be accepted on my life,  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together,  
Are confident against the world in armes.

*King.* Hence therefore, euery leader to his charge,  
For on their answere will we set on them,  
And God besfriend vs, as our cause is iust.

*Exeunt: manent*

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell  
And bestride me, so, 'tis a poynt of friendship.

*Prin. Falst.*

*Prin.* Nothing but a Colossus can doe thee that friendship.  
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.*



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*Fals.* I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

*Prim.* Why? thou owest God a death.

*Fals.* Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day: what neede I bee so forward with him that cals not on mee? Well, tis no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor pricke me off when I come on? how then? can honor set to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in surgery then? no: What is honour? a worde: why is in that word honor? what is that honour? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that dyed a Wednesday: doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*

*Enter Worcester and sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard, The liberall kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* T were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vnder one.

It is not possible: it cannot be,  
The king should keepe his word in louing vs,  
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time  
To punish this offence in other faultes,  
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,  
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,  
Who neuer so tame, so cherish't and lock't vp,  
Will haue a wild trick of his ancessers:  
Looke how we can, or sad or merrily;  
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,  
And we shall feede like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish't, still the neerer death.  
My nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,  
And an adopted name of priuiledge,  
A hair-braind Hotspur gouerned by a spleene:  
All his offences liue vpon my head  
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,  
And his corruption being tane from vs,

*Henrie the fourth.*

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:

Therefore good coosen, let not Harry know,

In any case the offer of the king. *Enter Hotspur.*

*Ve.* Deliuer what you wil, ile say tis so. Here comes your coosen.

*Hot.* My vnckle is return'd.

Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland,

Vnckle, what newes.

*Wor.* The King will bid you battell presently,

*Doug.* Desie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry and shall, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid.

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grieuances,  
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,  
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,  
He calls vs rebels, traitors, and will scourge  
With hawtie armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Doug.*

*Doug.* Arme, gentlemen, to armes: for I haue throwne  
A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,  
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,  
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,  
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath to day,  
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,  
How shewd his talking? seemd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soule, I neuer in my life  
Did heare a challenge vrg'd more modestly,  
Vlesse a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and prooffe of Armes.  
He gaue you all the duties of a man,  
Trim'd vp your prayes with a Princely tongue,  
Spoke your desertings like a Chronicle,  
Making you euer better then his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:  
And which became him like a Prince indeed.

He



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He made a blushing citall of himselfe.  
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,  
As if he mastred there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly:  
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,  
If he outliue the enuie of this day,  
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

*Hot.* Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored  
On his follies: neuer did I heare  
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:  
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,  
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,  
That he shall shrinke vnder my courtlesie.  
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, souldiers, friendes,  
Better consider what you haue to doe,  
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue  
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot reade them now.  
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:  
To spend that shortnes basely, were too long,  
If life did ride vpon a diall point,  
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,  
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,  
If die, braue death, when princes die with vs.  
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,  
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

*Mes.* My Lord; prepare, the King comes on apace,

*Hot.* I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:  
For I professe not talking, onely this,  
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a sword,  
Whose temper I intend to staine  
With the best blood that I can meet withall,  
In the aduenture of this perillous day.  
Now esperance Percy, and set on,  
Sound all the loftie instruments of war,  
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

For

*Henry the fourth.*

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall  
A second time do such a courtlesie.

*Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in battell thus thou crosest me?  
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas,  
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a King.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought  
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,  
Vnlesse thou yeelde thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot:  
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge  
Lord Staffords death.

*They fight, Douglas kills Blunt, then enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot,

*Doug.* Als done, als won: here breathles lyes the king.

*Hot.* Where? *Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,  
Agallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,  
Semblably furnisht like the king himselfe.

*Doug.* Ah foole, go with thy soule whither it goes,  
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.  
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coates.

*Doug.* Now by my sword, I will kill all his coates:  
He murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Vntill I meete the King. *Hot.* Vp, and away,  
Our souldiours stand full fairely for the day.

*Alarme, Enter Falstaffe solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the  
shot here, here's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you?  
Sir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, here's no vanity: I am as  
hot



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hot as molten lead, and as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me,  
I neede no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my  
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my  
150. left aliuē, and they are for the townes end, to beg during  
life: but who comes here?

*Enter the Prince,*

*Prin.* What standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword?  
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,  
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnremeng'd. I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke  
Gregory neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day,  
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure,

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee.  
I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliuē, thou getst not  
my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt,

*Prin.* Giue it me: what is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sacke.*

*Prin.* What? is it a time to ieast and dally now?

*He throwes the bottle at him.*

*Exit.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be aliuē, Ile pierce him, if he do come in  
my way: so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly let him make a  
Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter  
hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vn-  
lookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarme, excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn  
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too  
much, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. Iohn.* Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleede too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiestie make vp,  
Least your retirement do amaze your friends.

*(reitt.)*

*King.* I will do so: my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his  
*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your tent.

*Prin.* Lead me, my Lord? I do not neede your helpe,  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

*Henry the fourth.*

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobilitie lies troden on,  
And rebels armes triumph in massacres.

*Ioh.* We breathe too long, come, coosen Westmerland,  
Our due tie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, Lancaster,  
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother, Iohn,  
But now, I doe respect thee as my soule.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt,  
With lustier maintenance, then I did looke for  
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

*Prin.* O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

*Doug.* Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,  
I am the Douglas, fatall to all those  
That weare those colours on them. What art thou  
That counterfetst the person of a king?

*King.* The king himselfe, who Douglas grieues at heart,  
So many of his shadowes thou hast met  
And not the very king: I haue two boyes  
Secke Percie and thy selfe about the field,  
But seeing thou fals't on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare thou art another counterfet,  
And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king,  
But mine, I am sure, thou art, who er'e thou be:  
And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits  
Of valiant Shertly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my armes:  
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,  
VWho neuer promisseth, but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas flieth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton: ile to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while:



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Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
And shew'd thou makest some tender of my life,  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prin.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,  
That euer said, I haikened for your death.  
If it were so, I might haue let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,  
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

*King.* Make vp to Clifton, Ile to S. Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit K.*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prin.* Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prin.* Why, then I see a very valiant rebell of that name;

I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,

Nor can one England brooke a double raigne

Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Now, shall it, Harry? for the houre is come,

To end the one of vs, and would to God

Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,

And all the budding honours on thy crest,

Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight: Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay you shall find no boyes  
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he falls  
downe as if he were dead, the Prince  
killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth,  
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,  
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

*Henry the fourth.*

They wound my thoughts, worse then thy sword my flesh:  
But thought's the slaue of life, and life times foole,  
And time that takes suruay of all the world,  
Must haue a stop. O, I could propheticke,  
But that the earth and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art dust  
And food for

*Prin.* For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,  
I'll wean'd ambition, how much art thou thrunked?

When that this body did containe a spirit,

A kingdome for it was too small a bound,

But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough: this earth that beares the dead,

Beares not aloue so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of curtesie,

I should not make so great a shew of zeale:

But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,

And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my selfe,

For doing these faire rites of tenderesse.

Adiew, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,

Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the graue,

But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

*He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.*

What, old acquaintancel could not all this flesh

Keepe in a little life? poore lacke, farewell,

I could haue better spar'd a better man.

O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,

If I were much in loue with vanitie:

Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Inbowel'd will I see thee by and by,

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

*Exit.*

*Falstaffe riseth vp.*

*Fal.* Inbowel'd? if thou inbowell me to day, ile give you leaue  
to powder mee and eate me too to morrow. Zblood, 't was time  
to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paid mee scot and  
lot too. Counterfet? I lie, I am no counterfet: to die is to be a  
counterfet, for hee is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not



the life of a man : but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfet too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea, and ile sweare I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes up Hotspur on his backe, Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come, brother John, full brauely hast thou flesh't Thy mayden sword.

*John.* But soft, whom haue we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eie-sight?  
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eies  
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Falst.* No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not Iacke Falstalffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percy, if your father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himselte: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why, Percy I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying: I grant you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was hee, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John,  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,  
Ile guild it with the happiest termes I haue.  
*A retraite is sounded.*

*Prin.* The Trumpet sounds retrait, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let vs to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

*Fal.* Ile follow, as they say, for reward. Hee that rewards me,  
God reward him. If I doe growe great, ile growe lesse, for ile  
urge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly as a noble man should  
doe. *Exit.*

*The Trumpets sound, Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lorde John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did rebellion finde rebuke.

Illspirited Worcester, did not we send grace,  
Pardon, and termes of loue to all of you?

And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?

Three knights vpon our partie slaine to day,

A noble Earle, and many a creature else,

Had been aliue this houre,

If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safetie vrg'd me to:

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

*King.* Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause vpon.

How goes the field?

*Prin.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slaine, and all his men

Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:

And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd,

That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent

The Douglas is: and I beseech your grace

I may dispose of him.



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King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother, Iohn of Lancaster,  
To you this honourable bounty shall belong,  
Go to the Douglas, and deliuer him  
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:  
His valours shew'n vpon our Crests to day,  
Haue taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,  
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

Iohn. I thanke your Grace for this high curtesie,  
Which I shall giue away immediatly. \*

King. Then this remaies, that we diuide our power,  
You sonne Iohn, and my coosen Westmerland  
Toward: Yorke shall bend, you with your deereft speed  
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,  
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:  
My selfe, and you, sonne Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the checke of such another day.  
And since this businesse so faire is done,  
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be won.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



\* There are none but the very earlier  
editions that have these two lines—there  
is now before me the copy 1622 and  
likewise 1639, and they both are  
defective in the observation above

F.

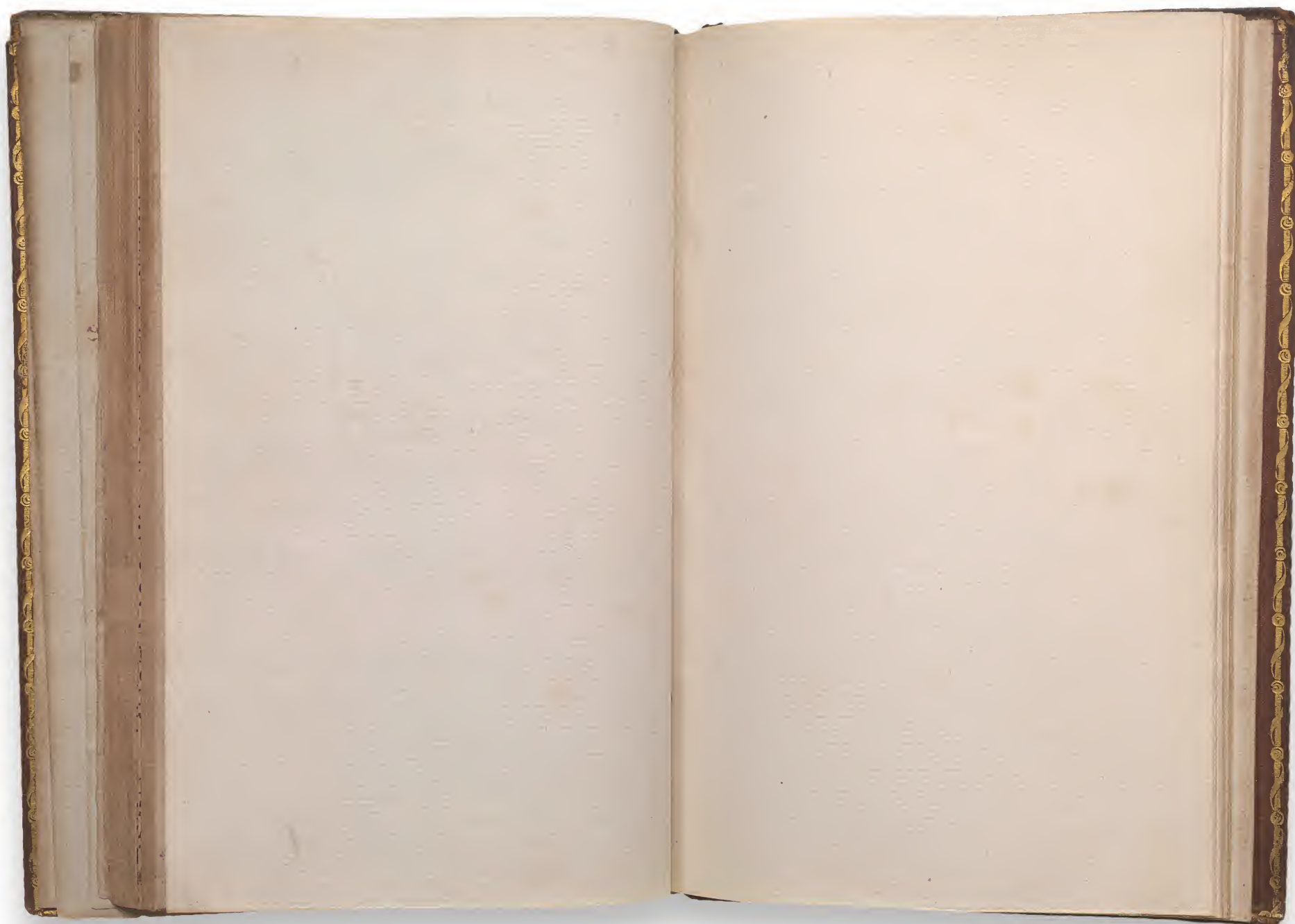
not 1599

appears to be 1604

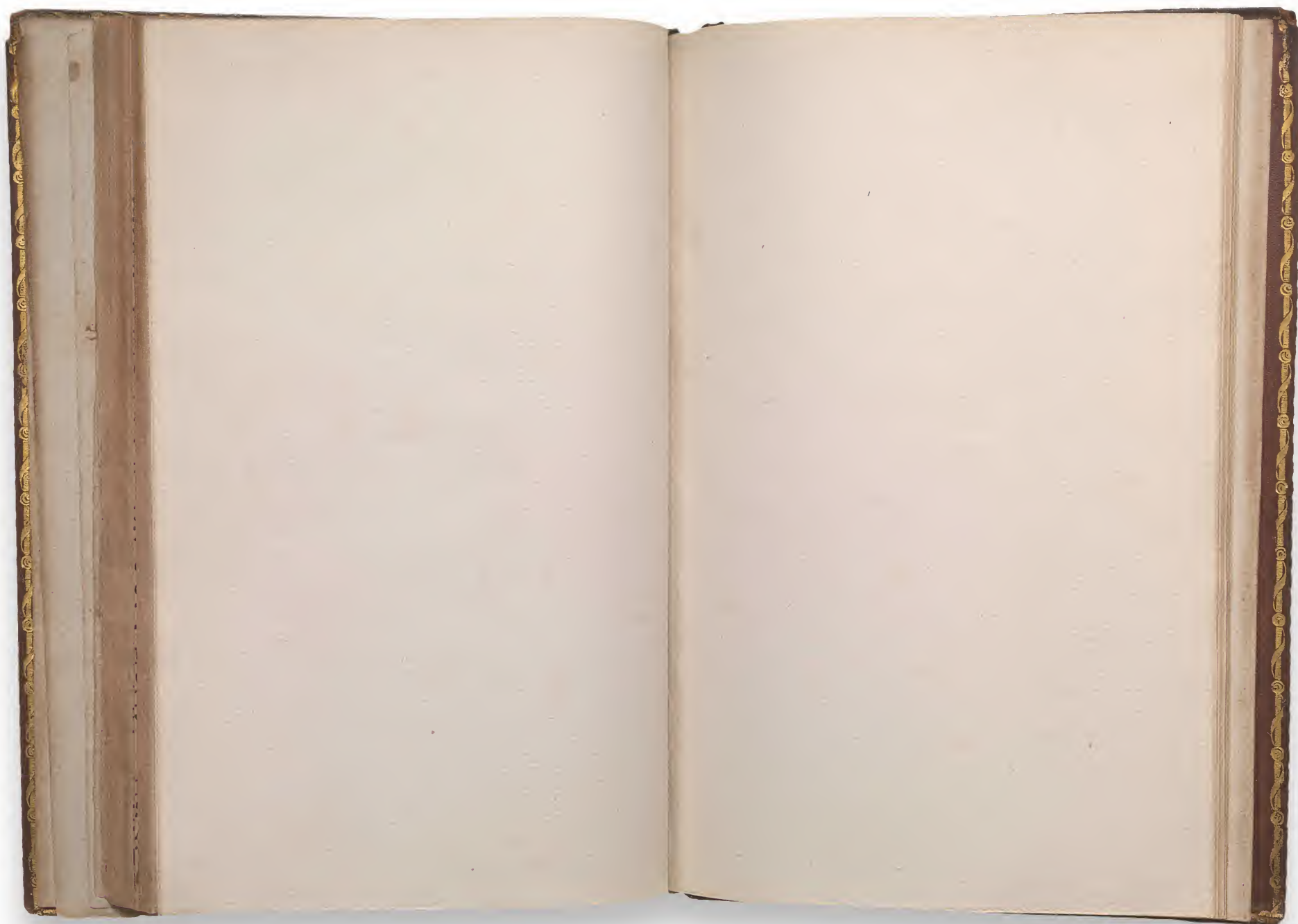
"I thanke your Grace &c &c"

I never saw any copy but  
this (and 1599) that had the two  
lines—

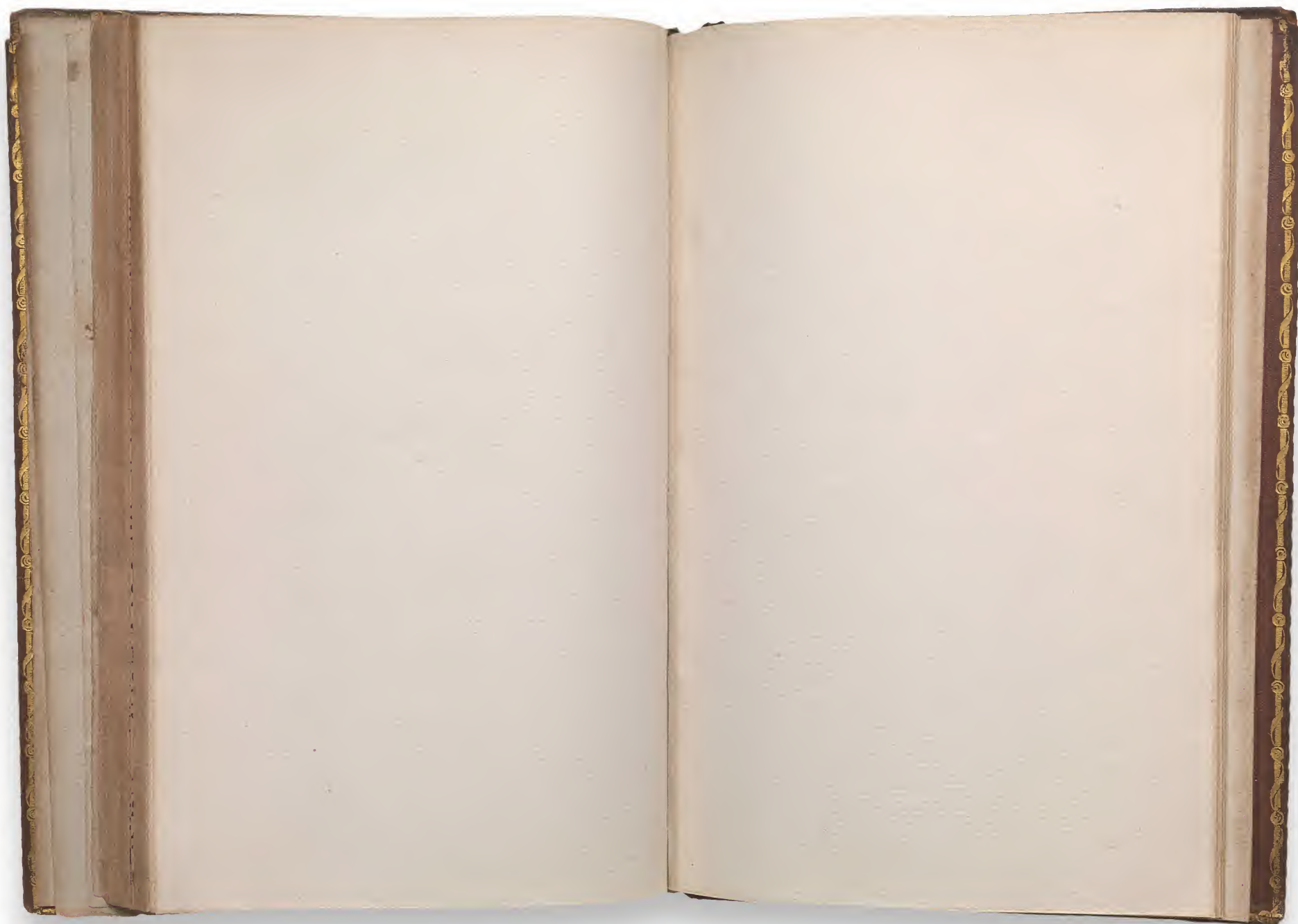




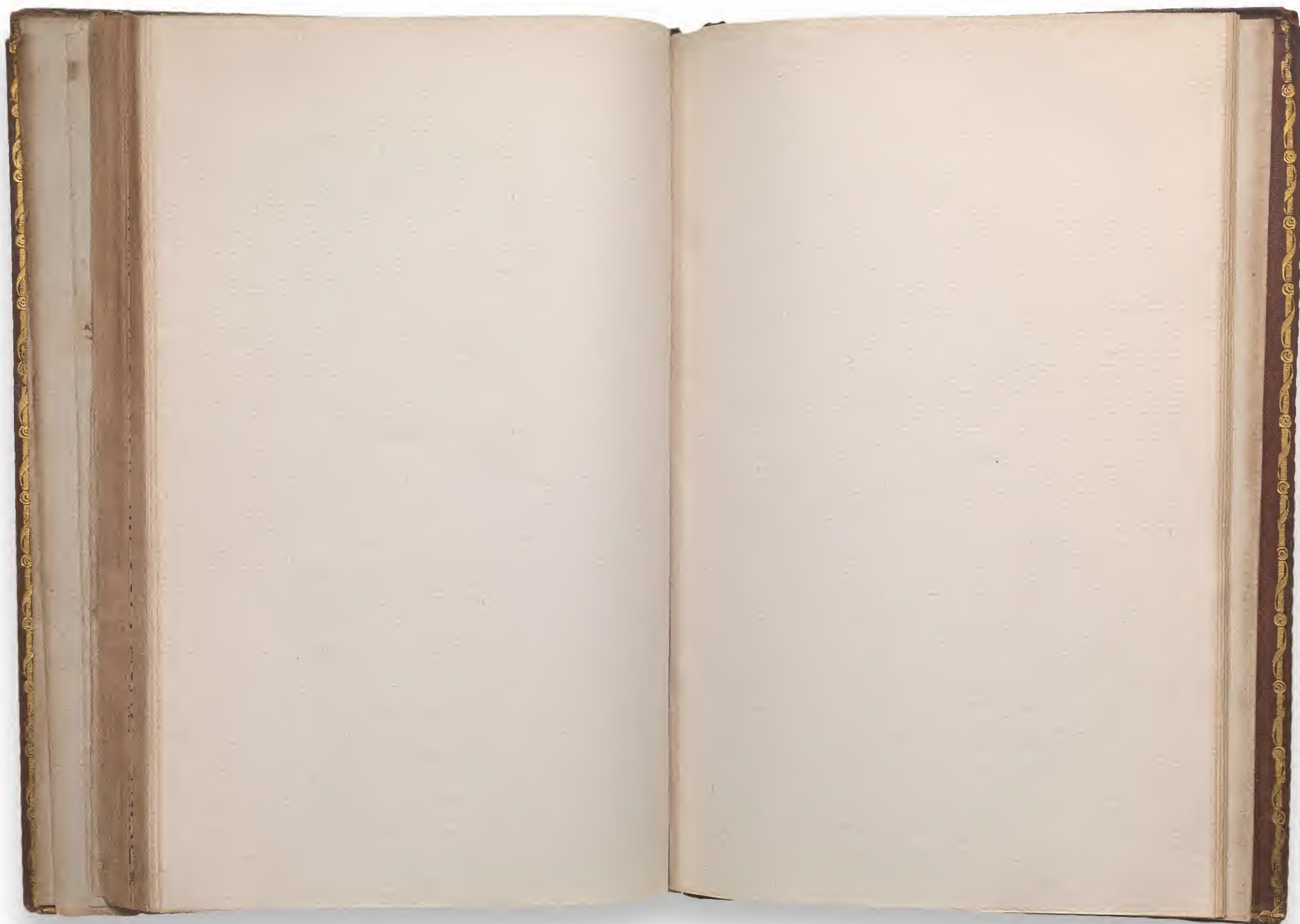




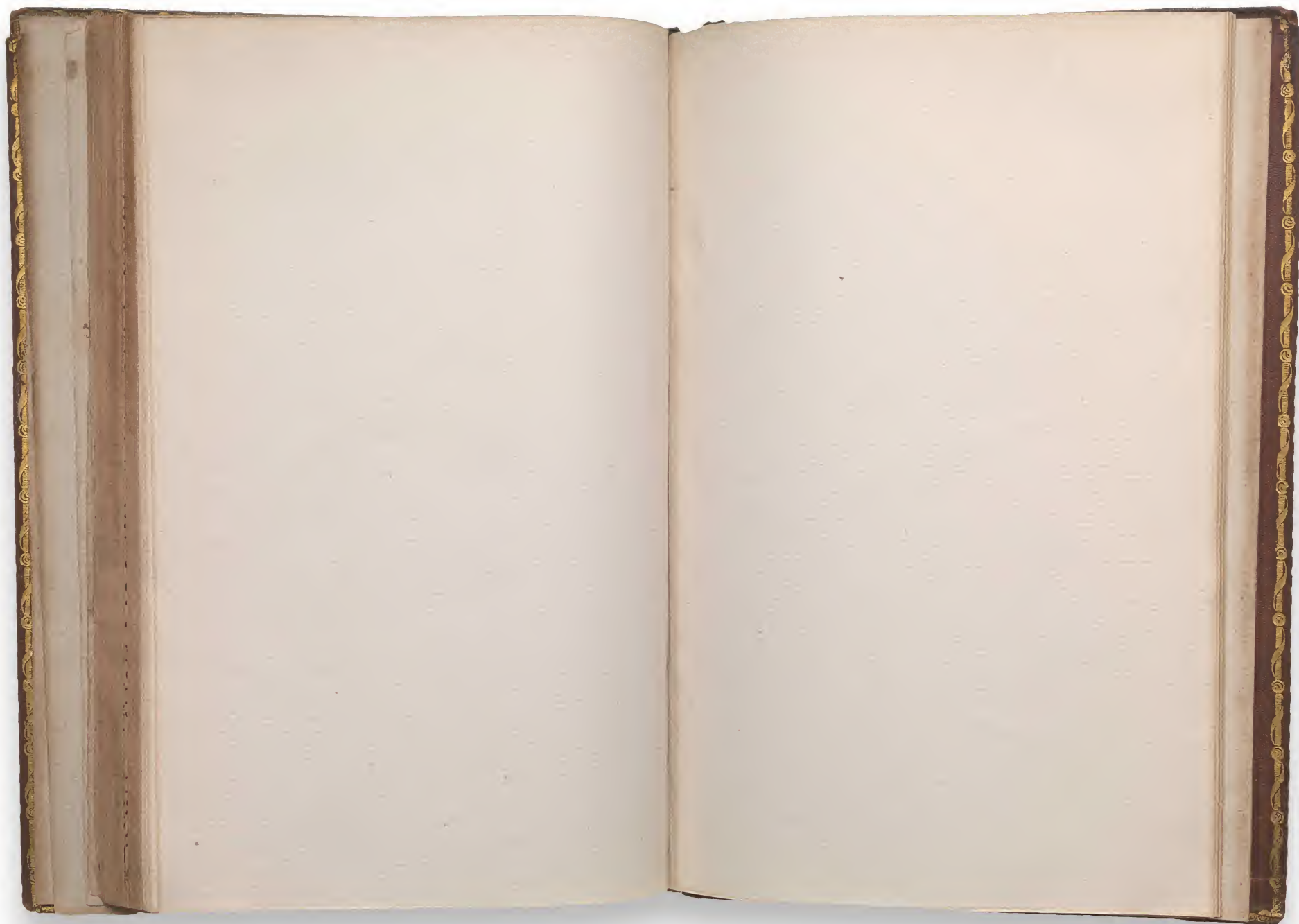




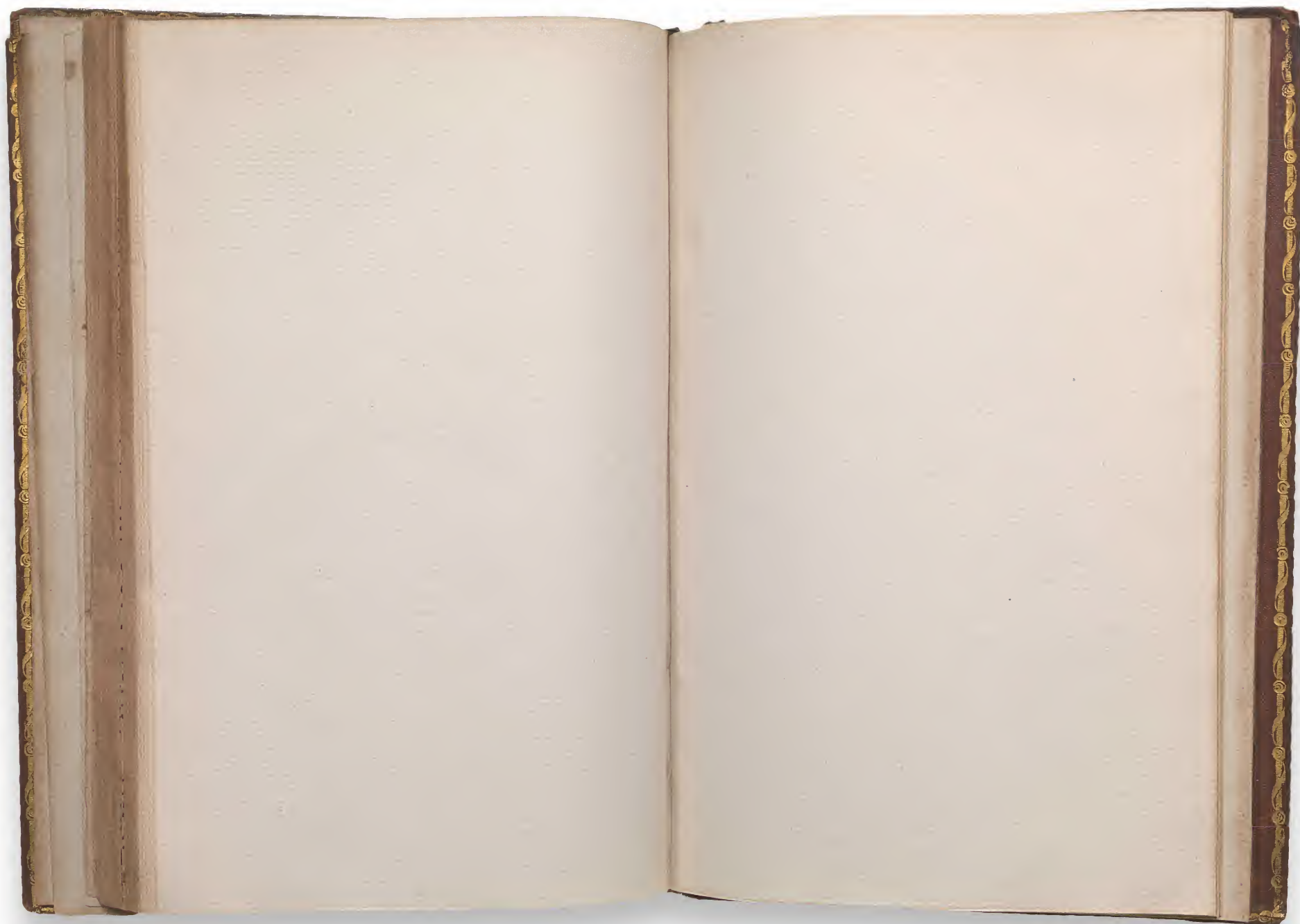




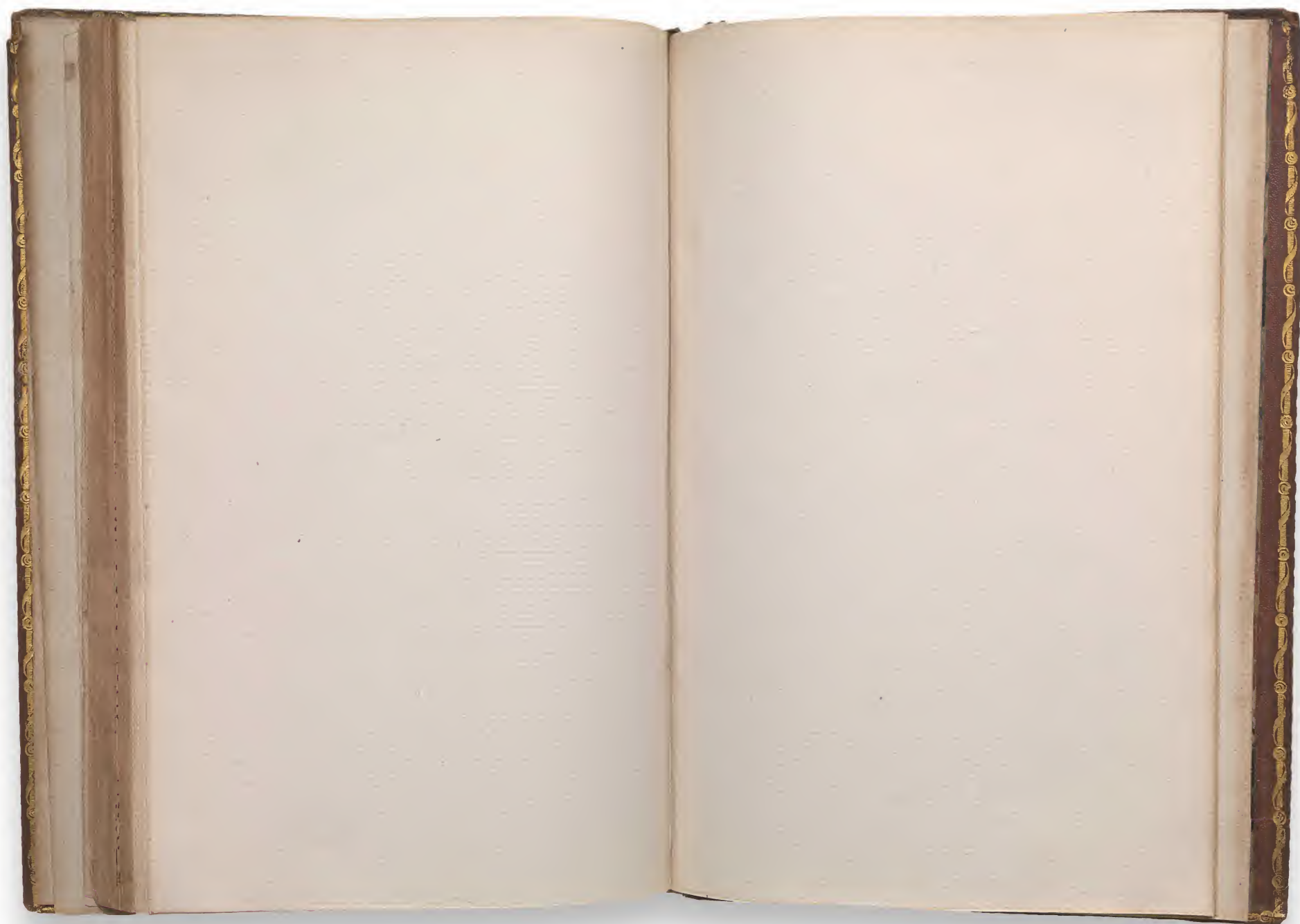




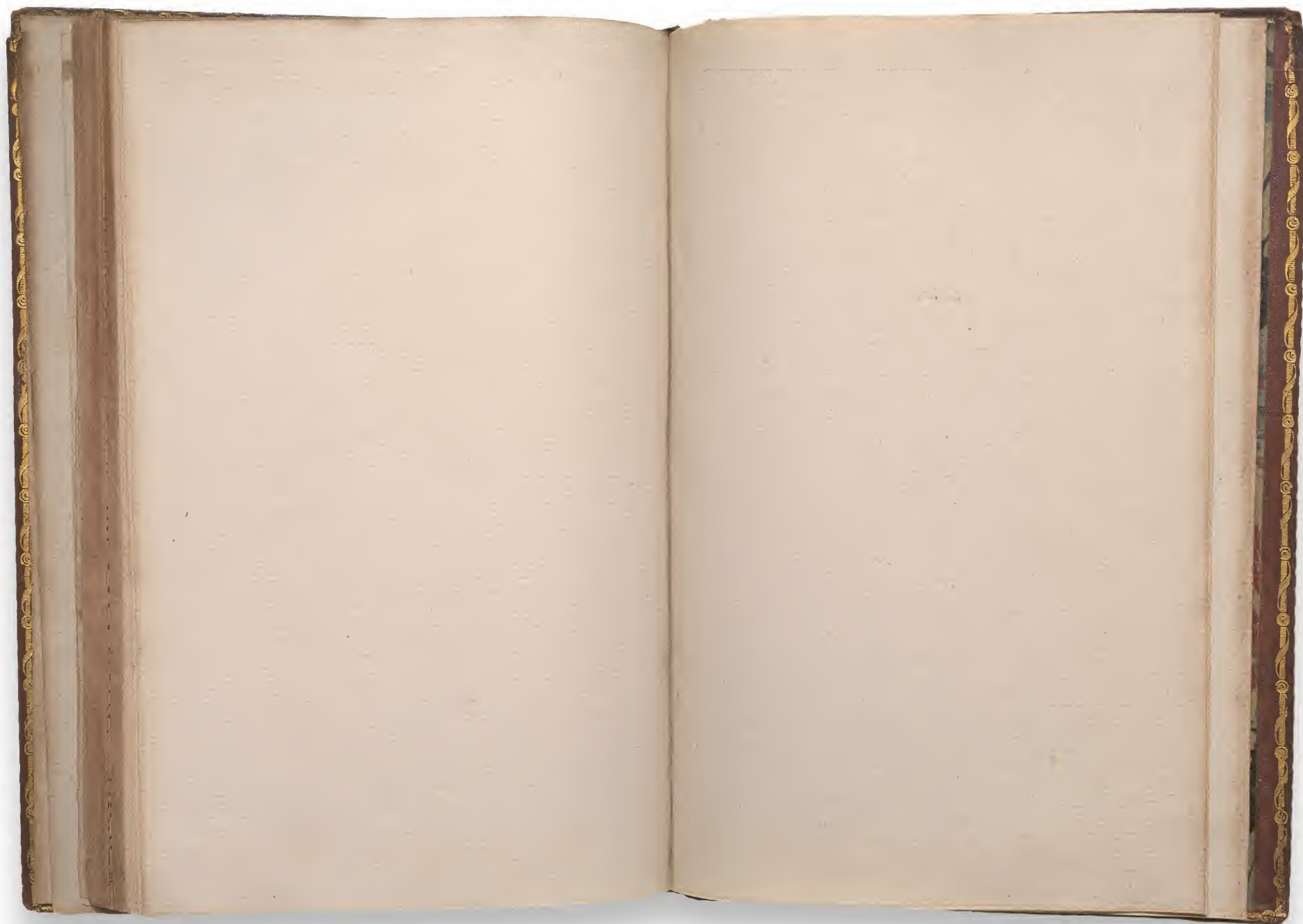




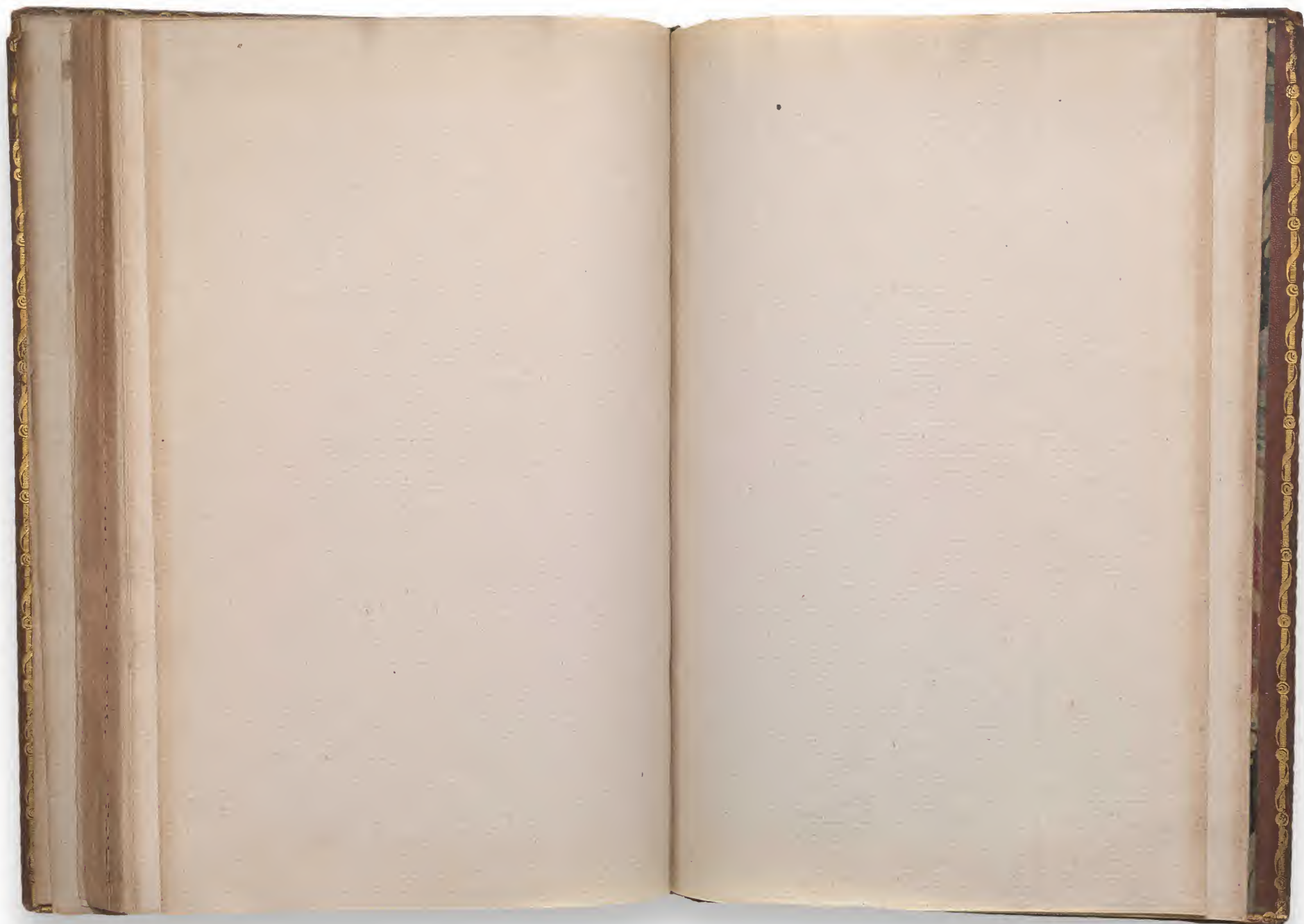




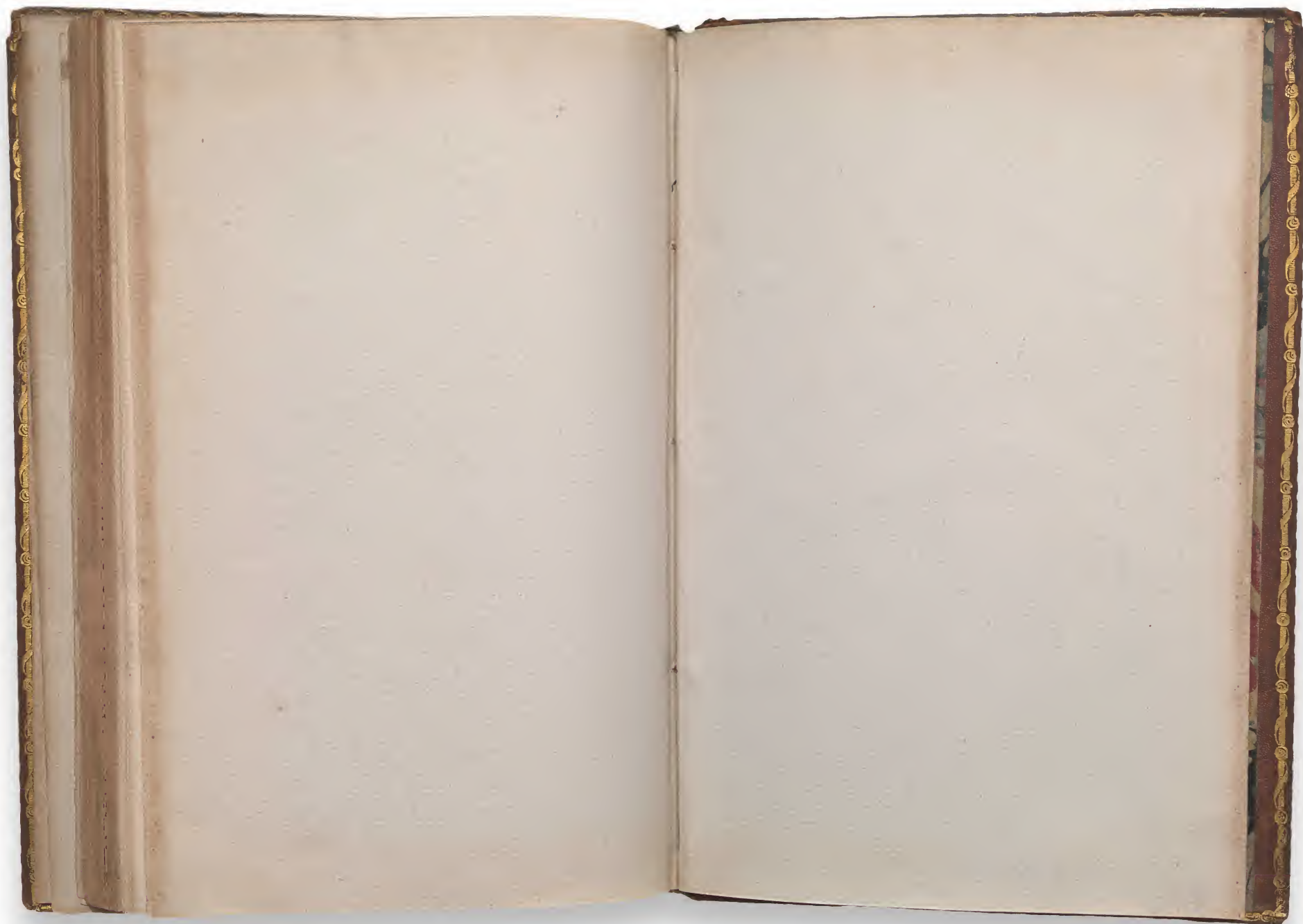
















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